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S E R M O N

Preached at

St. Bartholomew Exchange,

On Wednesday the 3^d of Decemb. 1701.

Before the Honourable Company of Merchants
Trading into the *LEVANT-SEAS.*

By *JOHN TISSER*, M. A. Fellow of *Merton*
College, *Oxon.* and Chaplain to the Factory at
SMYRNA.

Publisb'd by Their Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Sam. Heble*, at the *Turk's Head* in
Fleetstreet, MCCCII.

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A
SERMON

Preached at

St. Bartholomew's Exchange,



On Wednesday the 2nd of June 1701.

Before the Honourable Company of Merchants
Trading into the EAST-INDIES.

By JOHN TISSER, M.A. Fellow of Merton
College, Oxon. and Chaplain to the Factory at
Smyrna.

Published by Their Order.

LONDON.

Printed for Saml. Smith, at the Two-Mile in
St. Dunstons, MIDDLESEX.

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
Sir *WILLIAM TRUMBULL*, K^{nt.}
GOVERNOUR:

And to the HONOURABLE
COMPANY of MERCHANTS
Trading to the
LEVANT-SEAS.

THE ENSUING
DISCOURSE IS DEDICATED,

With all due Respect,

By THEIR
Most obliged humble Servant,

JOHN TISSER.

To the Right Warranted
SIR WILLIAM ARMBURGH, K^t

GOVERNOR:



And to the Hon^{ble}
COMPANY of MERCHANTS

Trading to the

LEVANT-SEAS.

THE ENSUING

DISCOURSE IS DEDICATED,

With all due Respect,

By THEIR

Most obliged humble Servant,

JOHN TISSER.

A
SERMON

Preached before the
LEVANT-COMPANY.

Matth. xvi. 26.

*What is a Man profited, if he shall gain
the whole World, and lose his own
Soul?*

Nothing certainly: For tho' the Words
run by way of Interrogation, yet they
contain in them this undeniable Propo-
sition; That the purchase of the whole World
cannot countervail the loss of our pretious and
immortal Souls. In the handling of it, I will
endeavour to give you,

First,

First, A short Account of the Nature of Man's Soul, the Thing he is to part with; and by the way, shew you how he may be said to lose it, and the Misery attending such a Loss.

Secondly, A short Account of the present State of this World, which he is to receive in Return for it: From both which Accounts, the Folly of such an Exchange will be sufficiently expos'd. And then,

Thirdly, Drawing some Inferences from the whole, I shall conclude.

First then, Nothing is more certain, notwithstanding all the impious Objections of some modern Unbelieving Sceptics, who, because they have no pre-eminence above Beasts, in that they live sensually, and die like them, would also have their Souls die too, like those of the Beasts which perish; I say, nothing is more certain, than that Man has an immaterial, indivisible, immortal Soul, distinct from his Body; which Soul is the Source and Origin of all his Thoughts, Words and Actions; without which, he is nothing but a carnal Mass of dull
unactive

unactive Matter, incapable of the Sensation either of Pain or Pleasure; with which he is a living, rational, and complete Substance, capable of Both: And as it is the Principle of Life, of Happiness or Misery in Man here, so will it be the same hereafter; For however Soul and Body part with reluctance in this World, yet it is only for a season, and in order to meet again in the next, where these inseparable Companions, being reunited, will become for ever Happy together, or for ever Miserable.

That Man has such a Principle in him here, is evident, not only from his Senses, but from his Reason and Understanding, from his Will and Affections, and the many noble Operations of an Intelligent Being; for to Think and Discourse, to Chuse and Refuse, to Love and Hate, Desire and Fear, are such Powers as can never flow from gross, idle, and unoperative Matter; That which has neither Life nor Motion in it self, can never be the Parent, or productive Cause of either; and therefore these Powers must owe their Rise to some other thing, distinct from the Body, which must be that immaterial and better Part in him, his Soul.

The Separation of which from the Body in this World, is every Days Experience, and as manifest,

manifest, as that We our selves now Exist.

And, That they must meet again in the other, in order to be rewarded according to their Deportment while they liv'd together here, is evident from the whole tenour of the Gospel: Our gracious Redeemer, who came down from Heaven that We might ascend up thither, and became the Son of Man that We might become the Sons of God, did, while He was here on Earth, reveal this blessed Truth to us; and He, who could not lie, having brought Life and Immorta-

S. John v. 28,
29.

lity to light, assures us, That the Hour is coming, in the which all that are in their Graves, shall hear His Voice, and shall come forth, they that have done Good, unto the Resurrection of Life, and they that have done Evil, unto the Resurrection of Damna-

S. Matth. xvi.
27.

tion: And in the Verse following the Text, He tells us, That when the Son of Man shall come in the Glory of His Father, He will reward every Man according to his Works; which St. Paul had an

2 Cor. v. 10.

Eye upon, when he assures us, That We must All appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad: It seeming but reasonable to him, that they, who had always acted in concert with one another, should according to their Actions receive alike Reward or Punishment.

Since

Since therefore, such is the Nature of Man's Soul, that his Happiness and Misery, both Temporal and Eternal, absolutely depend upon its acting here in conjunction with the Body, nothing certainly can be more incumbent on him, than to take all imaginable care of its Actions, that he may not lose it.

Now, as to the losing of a Man's Soul, no one can so lose it, as absolutely and for ever to be parted from it; but any one may deprive himself of, and in a manner extinguish those admirable Faculties, which would otherwise flow from it; and forfeit all those excellent Enjoyments and exalted Privileges, which of right belong to it. No Man's Soul will ever *vanish into soft Air*, but every Man's may be stain'd and sullied; it may be divested of its Virtue and Integrity; Sin may pollute it, and make it miserable, by defacing the Image of the Almighty stamp'd upon it; so that tho' it cannot be annihilated or utterly destroyed, yet it may be irrecoverably lost, and ruin'd to all the great Ends for which it was design'd and created; and when it is thus undone, he will have this addition to his Misery, who shall lose and ruin it, that it will always, with bitter Anguish and cruel Remorse, upbraid, accuse, and condemn him for his Folly, never ceasing to renew his huge Sorrows, and al-

ways contriving how to augment his intolerable Torments: When a Man by Sin has once lost his Innocence, the Guilt of it will one Day so disquiet and rack his Mind, fill his Soul with such amazing and confounding Terrours, that all this World can do, will be too little to set his Mind at rest, and deliver him from the corroding Anguish of a wounded Spirit.

The word *ψυχή*, which is here rendred the Soul, is often understood of the whole Man; so that if the Soul be uneasy and afflicted, the whole Man must be so too: Now Pleasure and Pain are so inconsistent, Satisfaction and Discontent so incompatible, that they can never stand together, or reside at the same time in the same Breast; and therefore the whole World can profit nothing, while the whole Man is perplex'd and out of order: It cannot be any satisfaction to him to have the Universe at command, while he is incapable of enjoying any part of it; or, if he were capable, yet his troubled Mind, like Gall, would imbitter his sweetest Enjoyments; in vain therefore will he seek for Peace of Mind, while divers Lusts and Passions create a kind of Civil War in his Bosom, while his Thoughts are distracted, and his Soul ruffled and discompos'd with dismal Fears, and doubtful Apprehensions of the changeableness of his Condition,

the

the uncertainty of his Pleasures, of the imprudence of his Choice, and the consequence of his Guilt. Thus the mighty Man, rais'd to boundless Possessions, by Cheating, Bribery, or Oppression, or the like unjust Practices, may, notwithstanding all his ill-gotten Wealth and specious Prosperity, be overwhelm'd with pining Melancholy and heart-rending Despair: And tho' the deluded World, gazing on the richness of his Attire and the splendour of his Equipage, on the stateliness of his Buildings and the costliness of his Provisions, may imagine him most transcendently Happy, yet he may know, and secretly feel himself to be most desperately wretched; and tho' he be cloath'd with Purple, and like *the rich Man* in the Gospel, *fare sumptuously every Day*, yet he may be in a worse condition than a *poor Lazarus full of Sores at his Gate*: He may be harass'd with such tormenting Cares and grievous Reflexions, so justly terrifying, as may pall all his Pleasures, make his Honours cumberfom, and his Riches a burthen to him; his anxious Solicitude about preserving what he has got, his unmeasurable Ambition, and unwearied Projects how to get more, his subtle Policy in undermining those who are above him, and countermining such as would keep him where he is, or bring him lower; all this, added to the apprehensions

hensions of a Future Judgment, and the dread of Eternal Torment, which malgre all his Efforts to the contrary, will sometimes break in upon his Thoughts, may so wholly take up and possess his Breast, as to make him perpetually restless, and even weary of himself; so that, while his Outside looks gay and florid, and his Countenance seems to smile, he may have Horror and Hell within his Breast; so true is it, that *there is no Peace to the Wicked*, that he is a troubled Sea, whose raging Waves foam out their own Shame, to whom is reserv'd the blackness of Darkness, endless Perdition, and incessant Woe. Alas! our Happiness in this Life doth not consist in the Multitude, but in the Enjoyment of our Possessions; it is not therefore the *joining House to House, and Field to Field*; it is not the vast Extent of mighty Power, nor the Command even of the whole World, and All that is therein, that can make a Man any recompence for the loss of his Soul; because, such is his misfortune under this Loss, that the Things of this World are to him, as if they were not; his Joys are imaginary and deceitful, but his Sorrows real and substantial. But, suppose his Soul could die with his Body, that there was no future Life after this, and that, when he went down to the *Chambers of Death* he should never rise more, but altogether

altogether cease to be, yet even then, what is there in this World that he can take in exchange for his Soul? Or, What can justify his foolish choice of the empty things of this World, to the hazarding his Repose on Earth? Especially considering, that at the same time he parts with it, he deprives himself likewise of the possibility of enjoying his new Purchase, be that what it will, either part only, or even *the whole World*.

But, when we consider that his Soul is immortal, that when it leaves its old Companion the Body, it immediately returns to God who made it, and must remain alive to all Eternity: What then is there? What can there be in this World that can counterbalance the loss of his Soul? What is there can satisfy for its being eternally shut out from Heaven, and consequently eternally miserable? Suppose he could live here in an undisturb'd Felicity, without Mixture or Alloy, without Pain or Sorrow; suppose that all his Wishes, all his Desires could be answer'd, and he enabled fully to enjoy them all, without the least interruption; nay farther, suppose he should treble the Age of *Methuselah*, live in perfect Peace and Tranquillity all the while, and at length carry a compos'd and sedate Mind to his Grave; yet even then, what would all these things signify, if he was to purchase them with the ruin of his

his Soul ? How can such Temporary Enjoyments (which some time or other must have an end,) satisfy for never-dying Torments, or make amends for everlasting Punishment, for the *Worm* that *dieth not*, and the *Fire* that *cannot be quenched* ? Can any thing in this transitory World counter-vail a Life of eternal Woe and Desolation, in a place of *weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of Teeth, in the Lake which for ever burneth with Fire and Brimstone* ? Or, can any one think it worth his while to be delivered into *Chains of Darknes*, and reserved unto Judgment with the Devil and his Angels, with the *Fearful and Unbelieving, with the Abominable, Murtherers, Whoremongers, Sorcerers, Idolaters and Liars* ? Can any one, I say, think it worth his while to be confin'd with such Company, and in such a Place to all Eternity, tho' he was sure to enjoy not only what this World can afford, but ten thousand times more ; especially, since the fatal Minute must come, which will put an end to all he can enjoy in it ? And when he is cast into the bottomless Pit of Perdition, what will it then avail him to reflect on the many Pleasures he hath enjoy'd, the mighty Honours he hath pass'd thro', or the large Possessions he was once Master of ? Will his past Pleasures assuage his present Pain ? Can his former Honours dignify the mean Condition

dition he is in, or all the Treasures he once call'd his, be able to procure him one drop of cold *Water* to cool his parch'd and inflam'd *Tongue* ? If not, where will the advantage of such Reflexions be ? They may add to his Torment, and encrease, but cannot lessen his Misery ; it being as usual for the remembrance of past Pleasures, to heighten a Man's Pain in the midst of Adversity, as it is for the remembrance of past Afflictions to heighten his Pleasure in the midst of Prosperity. Indeed, after a Man has undone his Soul, and wasted his Body by a lavish indulgence in the good Things of Life, the World may perhaps continue many Ages after him, and encrease and flourish when he is dead and gone ; but, what advantage will that be to him ? or, what profit can he reap from thence ? His insensible Carcass will be no longer capable of any Amusements, nor will all the Charms or Allurements in the World ever raise one languishing Desire in it more ; so that suppose the World and the Enjoyments thereof, were as perpetual and as durable as his Soul, yet he can enjoy them no longer than while he continues on this side the Grave ; for whenever Death shall separate his Soul from his Body, then will all his Passions and Hankerings after this World be cut off too ; a new Scene of things will present it self, which will for ever take up,
and

2 Pet. iii. 10.

and engage all his Thoughts ; there will then be a vast Gulf between the World and Him, so that it will be impossible for him ever to partake of any of its Satisfaction more. But otherwise, the Scripture assures us, That *this World*, and the *Fashion of it*, pass away ; and St. Peter tells us, That the Day of the Lord will come as a Thief in the Night, in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great Noise, and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat ; the Earth also and the Works that are therein shall be burnt up : What a foolish exchange therefore will he make for his Soul, who shall part with it for a World which he must quickly leave, which can in no wise befriend him when he has left it, and which must it self also be soon destroyed ; whereas his Soul must live for ever, and might have inherited the eternal Happiness of the Bless'd, if he had not by this foolish Barter consign'd it over to the cursed and never-ending Punishments of the Damn'd. Since therefore our most gracious Creator has endu'd us with rational Souls capable of eternal Felicity, and prepar'd most glorious Mansions for their Reception ; since out of his infinite and unparallel'd Love to us, He sent His only begotten Son to die for us, to make the Paths straight, direct us in our way, and lead us to 'em : let us not refuse these his kind Offers, nor slight His

his undeserved Favours ; let us not trample on the Blood of our Redeemer, and by a resolute and obstinate adherence to our Iniquities, *make His Cross of none effect* ; let us not foolishly chuse Darknes before Light, Hell before Heaven, eternal Woe before eternal Happiness, nor the transitory Things of this World before the never-fading ones of the next ; in a word, let us not part with our Souls for all that this World can afford , because if we do, we shall get nothing by the bargain, or at least what's not worth the getting, unless the Pains prepar'd for the Devil and his Angels, are a Treasure worth insuring. But,

Secondly, The Folly of this Exchange will appear farther, if we consider the present state of this World : What is there in it really worth our care or pursuit, much less that may be bought at so dear a rate ? Let it appear in its utmost Pomp and Glory, and exhibit to us its Temporal Advantages in their liveliest and most tempting Colours ; yet if we look nearly, and view them throughly, we shall find many real Defects, many odious Deformities in them, but nothing that is truly valuable , nothing worth laying out our selves upon. For,

First, What are the great Advantages that arise from the sensual Pleasures of this World ? Can they recompence the loss of a Soul, or make any

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satisfaction

satisfaction for infinite Punishment, infinite Despair? They may appear lovely, and allure by their Blandishments at a distance, but upon trial, they are more *bitter than Wormwood*, and sting like an Adder, we pursue them with the most vehement impatience, but soon flag and grow weary of them in the enjoyment, and *the end of them is heaviness*; for, either they bring a Man to deplorable Poverty, or fill the Bowels with Rottenness, or else leave an aking Regret and scalding Remorse upon the Sinner's Conscience: However, were it not so, yet, what is there for a rational Creature to *set his Heart upon*? What is there wherein a Man should place his Happiness? There is nothing satisfactory, manly or substantial in them; they are swift *as a Shadow*, and pass like Lightning, which in the same moment is, and is not; so that we've no hopes to possess them long, nor any certainty to enjoy them at all. Then, *Secondly*, As to the Honours of this World, which ambitious Minds so fondly covet; what are they but slippery Stations, the higher the more dangerous? What, but noisy Posts of pompous Trouble and gaudy Servitude, which create Perplexity and Uneasiness to those who possess them, and make those who do not, hate and envy those who do? But, were there no other Inconveniences attending 'em, yet they who are most court-
ed,

ed, admir'd, and almost ador'd, are still liable to the same common Accidents of this Life, if not to greater, than they who court and adore them : Nothing can secure them from Losses or extreme Poverty ; he who is this Day a King, may be the next a Beggar ; or, were this not possible, yet they would be subject to Pains and Sicknes ; for, the vast Train of their numerous Attendants cannot keep off a Fit of the Stone or Gout, nor mitigate the Ragings of a burning Fever ; or, if they could, yet at length these *Gods on Earth must die like other Men* ; for Death is no more afraid of them in the midst of all their Guards, than of the meanest Peasant by himself : They must all submit to its fatal Stroke, and sooner or later lay their *Honours in the Dust*, when they must change their gorgeous Robes for the *filthy Garments* of Corruption, and their stately Palaces for noisom Sepulchres, where *the Worms shall be spread under them, and cover them* ; and then, they who now cringe to them, may trample upon their Graves, and they who now tremble at their Presence, with scorn insult over their Memory : And, considering these things, what, have the Honours of this World of greater value in them than our immortal Souls, that we should forfeit our Title to the ineffable Glories of the other World for the perishing Grandeur of this ? But,

Thirdly, What are the Riches of this World which so engross the Wishes and Desires of Mankind? Have they Worth or Value sufficient in them to make an Equivalent for a Soul? Riches which are got with great Care, and kept with greater Fear, which either *make Wings to themselves, and fly away*, or else, if kept, are not enjoy'd: What therefore can there be in them so precious or valuable, that we should sell our Shares of Heaven for them, willingly part with our great Reversion in the other World for a little spot of Earth in present possession, and like foolish Esau, *sell our Birth-right for a Mess of Pottage*? This World is not our Home, it is not our *continuing City*; we are *Strangers and Sojourners on Earth*, as all our Fathers were, and therefore should pray with the holy Psalmist, That God would spare us yet a little, that we may recover our Strength, and fit our selves for Eternity, before we go hence, and are no more seen: Our Riches cannot follow us; for we can carry nothing with us hence, but our Shrouds and Coffins: Whose then shall our Riches be, or what matter whose? They will be of no farther use to us; and what may become of them is uncertain, *whether a Wise Man or a Fool shall possess them*. The mouldring Treasures of this World therefore, which are a prey for Rust and Moth, and a torment to those who depend upon

upon them, should be beneath our care, whom Christ hath bought with the inestimable price of His Blood, and who are born to infinitely greater Hopes than any this World can possibly afford, design'd for far more noble Purposes than to *lay up Treasures on Earth*, and commanded rather to *lay up Treasures in Heaven*, where neither Rust nor Moth can corrupt, nor Thieves break through, or steal: And indeed, this World and all the Enjoyments of it, whatever they consist in, are so poor and inconsiderable, so far undeserving of our Choice, that had not God thought fit to have plac'd us here below, and given us certain hopes of greater things hereafter, it would not have been worth our while to live in this World, tho' it were to enjoy them all. Solomon, who had experienc'd most of them, and therefore best knew what they were, could find nothing in them but *Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*; nay, repeated Experience convinces us of this Truth, and our Reason assures us, it cannot be otherwise, considering the vast disproportion there is between the best things of this World, and our capacious and boundless Desires: Are not our Expectations daily frustrated? and, when have we not been disappointed in our Enjoyments? When does the happy Event correspond to the mighty Hopes we foolishly conceive, or the Fruit answer the Blossom? Or, what circumstance

cumstance or condition of Life is there without Disquiet? Let us set Man before us in whatever state we please, and we shall always find him surrounded with Trouble, to which he is as naturally *born as the Sparks fly upward*. Prosperity tempts him to Wantonness and Excess, and Adversity prompts him to Murmuring and Impatience; Greatness is a Burthen, and the want of it to some, insupportable: The Rich have their Anxieties, as well as the Poor their Complaints: He who enjoys his Wishes, soon after nauseates what he wish'd for; and he who is disappointed, is sore afflicted: Labour is painful, and even Idleness is irksome: *Wisdom is a Vexation*, and yet *the Soul without it is not good*. Our Minds are distracted by different Appetites, and torn asunder by contrary Desires: Love draws us one way, and Hatred another; Hope puffs us up, and Despair sinks us down; Fear chills our Blood, and Anger inflames it: Nor is the condition of our Bodies less miserable, being subject to Troops of Diseases, which are continually lurking about us, and may at any time seize us, and put our whole Frame and Constitution quite out of order; one fills us with Pain, and another Stupifies us; Fevers scorch us, and Agues freeze us; the Gout enervates us, and Gangrenes dismember us. Such is the condition of this mortal Life,
such

such our State in it, and such the mighty Blessings too, which are to be receiv'd in exchange for a Soul ; Blessings, which in prudence we should chuse to avoid, rather than to pursue, and to despise, rather than purchase at so dear a rate, as the loss of our Souls : So that upon the whole, were the Enjoyments of this World real and substantial, as they are empty and imaginary, yet the present state and condition of our Minds and Bodies are in no wise capable of enjoying them ; or, suppose we were free from Passions and Diseases, and could with satisfaction enjoy whatever this World hath in it, yet even then, what a World is this to enjoy it in ? A World of Uncertainty and Dependance, of Disorder and Confusion ; in which, *all things come alike to all* ; nay, often worse to the Virtuous than the Wicked : Our Possessions are fleeting, so that no one can be sure, that what is his to day, shall be so to morrow ; even our Lives are at the Will of Him who dares attempt them, and the greatest Monarch must be oblig'd for his Food and Raiment to the meanest of his Slaves : Vile Adulterers, covetous Oppressors, and griping Extortioners, do not only some times escape unpunish'd in this World, but are often crown'd with Honour and Renown ; while Honesty and Piety are discourag'd and put out of countenance, labouring under Reproach
and

and Contempt ; and Traytors to God and their Country often ride in triumph , while the Just are made a prey to the Sons of Violence ; nay, Virtue it self is sometimes accounted a Crime , when Vice is openly courted and carefs'd, as the greater Accomplishment, and more becoming a Man of Sense and Honour : Now while Things are in such a preposterous Confusion, there are little hopes of any durable or lasting Satisfaction here ; who therefore would give his Soul in exchange for such a World, unless he were first sottishly resolv'd to forego the Joys of Heaven, and obstinately determin'd by a Series of Calamities to prepare himself for an Eternity of Torment ?

From what has been said , I shall draw some Inferences, and so conclude:

First then, If the Gain of the whole World be too small a price for the purchase of a Soul, what an extravagant Bargain must we needs make, who cannot be Masters of the thousandth part of it; nor enjoy one thousandth part of that if we could be Masters of it: Let us not therefore throw away our Souls , those inestimable Treasures, which cost Heaven a greater Miracle than even our Creation it self; let us not forfeit our Interest in God, and our Inheritance in Heaven, procur'd by this Redemption , and all for we know not what. The consideration of this alone,

alone, should deter us from all unjust and unlawful Dealings, from heaping up Riches by Fraud and Oppression, which *we know not who shall gather*, from gratifying our Desires by wicked Means, and from building upon other Mens Graves, raising our selves by the ruine of others; because, whatever we may procure by these unjust Measures, will be mean and inconsiderable, if compar'd with that which we must hereafter pay for them.

Secondly, We may from hence infer, That we are highly concern'd to wean our selves from too great a love and affection for this World, and the things which are therein: Wherefore, we should earnestly endeavour not only to subdue the Lusts of our Bodies, to mortify the Passions of our Minds, and to *cleanse our selves from all filthiness of Flesh and Spirit*, but also to spiritualize our Thoughts, to cloath our Souls with Righteousness, and adorn them with such a *Wedding Garment* as may not at the *Marriage Feast of the Lamb* be rejected; in order to which, we should make it the constant subject of our daily Prayers to Almighty God, that he would vouchsafe us the gracious assistance of his Holy Spirit, and enable us to raise up our Thoughts, and elevate our *Affections to things which are above*; that he would put it into our Hearts to meditate on Heaven, and the inexpressible Happiness of the Saints there;

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and

and to reflect on the wonderful Love of our Blessed Saviour, and on all those glorious Things, which he, by the effusion of his most precious Blood, hath purchas'd for us: Nay farther, we should consider too the Dignity of our own Nature, that our Souls bear upon them the Divine Image, and our Bodies are design'd for the *Temples of the Holy Ghost*; that we are the delight of God, and the care of Angels; that by our Baptismal Covenant, we are the Children of the most High, Brethren of Christ, and Co-heirs with Him of His eternal Kingdom: And considering these mighty Hopes we are born to, why should not our Ambition soar as high as our Hopes? Why should it not carry our Souls above Earth and Corruption to their proper Places of Abode, make them disdain such low and inglorious Ends, as the Pleasures, Honours, and Riches of this World, and count them all but as *Dross and Dung* in comparison of that *exceeding weight of Glory*, which our gracious Redeemer hath prepar'd for those who *take up their Cross and follow Him*? Whence, *Thirdly and Lastly*, we may infer, That tho' the World should frown upon us, and Misfortunes invade us, so that we become poor and miserable, condemn'd and vilified, yet we must patiently submit to all rather than to the *loss of our Souls*; because, Death will put an end to all those

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Miseries and Afflictions, which, if rightly us'd, will prepare us for a *Crown of Glory* : Supposing them real Evils, yet they cannot haunt us any longer than while we are among them, as Death approaches they lose their Sting, and can afflict us with Grief and Anguish no more ; whereas the *loss of our Souls* will not only perplex us in this Life, but rack and torment us to all Eternity : But the Troubles and Afflictions of this Life, if duly consider'd, are not Evils in their own nature, because they do not injure our Souls, or our Bodies ; Contempt or Poverty, do neither make us less healthful or less rational ; we may, notwithstanding either, or both, live comfortably here, and be eternally happy hereafter : If Misery were essential to them, by consequence Happiness only would belong to the Rich and Honourable, which daily Experience shews us to be false ; for Care and Discontent creep into Palaces, and pursue the greatest Monarch at the heels ; the Honourable and Dishonourable, *the Rich and the Poor meet together not only in this, that the Lord is the Maker of them Both*, but also that they are Both subject to the same Diseases and vicissitudes of Fortune ; Both are *to return to Dust, from whence they were taken.*

Many of the poor ignorant Heathens, guided only by the light of Nature, who were strangers
to

to the Rewards and Punishments of another Life, chose rather to submit to the pressures and calamities of this, than to part with their Virtue or Honesty : How much greater reason therefore, have we to hold them fast, having *Life and Immortality brought to light thro' the Gospel* ? How much greater reason have we, to continue *stedfast and unmovable*, always abounding in the *Work of the Lord*, forasmuch as we know that our Labour is not in vain in the Lord ? Let us take especial care therefore, that nothing tempts or frightens us from our Duty, that nothing makes us hazard the loss of our pretious and immortal Souls, because nothing, no, not the whole World; nor any, no, nor all the Enjoyments of it, can make us any compensation for the loss of them.

Grant therefore, we beseech thee Almighty God, that we may so pass thro' things Temporal, that we finally lose not the things Eternal.

Grant this we beseech thee, for thine only Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, Three Persons, and one God, be ascrib'd as is most due, all Honour and Glory, all Dominion and Power, both now and for evermore. Amen.

F I N I S.

